

CHAT WITH CHALMERS

The Noted Southerner Speaks of His Congressional Contest AND POLITICS IN MISSISSIPPI.

The Chain Gang Prison System is a Relic of Barbarism.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF FT. PILLOW

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.) CAPE MAY, August 30.—General James B. Chalmers, whose contest for his seat in the House as the Representative from the Second Congressional district of his State will come before Congress this winter, has been spending the summer at Congress Hall, Cape May, and while the Republicans of Mississippi are calculating his chances of being elected as Governor, should he accept the nomination, the General manages to enjoy his summer outing in a most tranquil manner, undisturbed by the clamor of his enemies or the tributes of his friends.

"How come you, General, being a Southern Democrat, to shift your politics from a Democratic to a Republican point of view?" "Well, I became disgusted with the way things were managed, and with the men who managed them. I did not believe the Democratic party all at once had become Independent. Had I gone over at once to the Republican party I could not have carried my followers with me. But I am a tariff man, and so in the last election I ran for Congress on the Republican ticket, although I was counted out, thousands of my votes having been stolen and otherwise made away with, I shall contest my seat in Congress, and have no fears as to the result. The figures will prove that the decision was in my favor, that in our State there are people who care nothing about a tariff, as we have no manufactures, no mines, no industries demanding protection. By and by, when the prosperity of the State increases, this will be changed."

"I suppose that changing your politics was almost equivalent to social ostracism in your part of the country, General?" "Well, they can't very well ostracize me down there. I have no friends in the States. Senator, my brother Chief Justice, and my own position is sufficiently assured to stand opposition."

"Is the chain gang prison system in force in Mississippi?" "Yes, I am sorry to say that our prison affairs are in a terrible state, and need much reform. Our term for Governor is four years. Lowry has been in for two terms, and he has done nothing toward reforming our prisons. Formerly, by an act of legislation, all lands sold for taxes were given to the State for school lands, but under Democratic rule that act has been repealed, and the lands have been given to railroad and other monopolies. And, while the Democrats are crying out against foreign monopolists to hold American lands, the second largest land owner in Mississippi is an English syndicate."

"Is it all nonsense to talk of disfranchising the negro, as the negroes are according to the Constitution of the United States, and nothing but violence and fraud can deprive him of his vote until the Constitution is changed, which is not likely ever to happen. But the thing they can do, the Southern States can do, is to strip the negroes from holding office. The feeling against the negro in the South is so strong that if he have the influence of an angel, or surpass in any other intellectual gifts, it avails him little, so long as the negroes are not allowed to hold office. The feeling against the negro in the South is so strong that if he have the influence of an angel, or surpass in any other intellectual gifts, it avails him little, so long as the negroes are not allowed to hold office. The feeling against the negro in the South is so strong that if he have the influence of an angel, or surpass in any other intellectual gifts, it avails him little, so long as the negroes are not allowed to hold office."

"The evidence was all against him. The Judge, before passing sentence, asked him if he had anything to say, the man replied that he had nothing to say, and spoke for an hour and a half in a most eloquent and earnest way. He was entirely unlettered, and made plenty of grammatical mistakes; but his speech was a masterly effort in his own defense, and the Judge said: 'I had thought you guilty, but what you have said has raised a doubt in my mind, and you shall have the benefit of that doubt, I will grant you another trial.'"

"I afterward defended the man, taking the very line of argument he had used, and he was saved. But the negro gets along better with our people than he would with the people of the North. No one loves the negro better than the Southerner, provided he does not attempt to cross the line of caste. If a white man and a negro want work the negro will get it in preference, he is more industrious, and can do more work than the white man. There is no race strike in our climate. Then he does not raise strikes and other disturbances; he is more docile and obedient than the white laborer; he has no trouble so long as he keeps what is considered his place in the community. But the feeling of caste will always be strong."

"They say, General, that a great many negroes in your State are opposed to you and some of the Southern journals suggest that if you are nominated for Governor, the Republican rally should be at Fort Pillow."

look at the charge that a Confederate officer ordered a lieutenant who was carrying a little negro boy on the saddle before him, to tug down the lad and shoot him. As the story goes, the lieutenant put down the boy, but refused to shoot him, whereupon the commanding officer himself shot him. The man who witnessed, as he said, this incident, affirmed that this brutal officer wore a star on his shoulder. In the speech made in Congress relating to this affair I explained that, since I wore two stars encircled with a wreath, which was the insignia of a Major General, I could not possibly have been that officer."

"No! it could not have happened at all, for this reason: The women and children had all been sent away before the fight. There were no boys there. The feeling against the black soldiers was, of course, very strong at Fort Pillow, but the massacre of negroes I ever saw was in the battle of Tishamung creek. It is called by the Federals, I think, the battle of Bryce's Cross Roads. That was the greatest victory of the war, considering the number of men engaged in it. It was a complete wipe out of the Union troops by Forrest. Forrest and his cavalry were on a narrow plain between the Hatchee and Tallahatchee rivers. Forrest had only 200 men, while the Federals, under General Sturgis, had 13,000 cavalry and 3,000 infantry. The cavalry came up first, and we easily defeated them, having a greater number of men and horses. They were flying to the rear. Sturgis, hearing of the rout of his cavalry, hurried up his infantry at double quick from six miles away."

"They came running up panting, their tongues hanging out of their mouths, breathless from their long and hurried march, and as they met the flying cavalry, thinking the woods to be full of Forrest's men, they never stopped to form but also fled, we following in hot pursuit. Among the Federals were several negro regiments, and Forrest had heard that they had been made to swear upon their bearded knees that they would shoot no quarter to Forrest's men. They were ordered to 'Remember Fort Pillow,' and 'No quarter to Forrest's Men.' This aroused the rage of our troops, and they shot down every negro they could. The woods were full of dead negroes. Forrest captured 2,000 prisoners, and as he heard that no quarter was to be shown to his men he notified General Washburn at Memphis that if such was the case, he should proceed to execute his prisoners, but this was not done."

"Did you ever hear how Forrest went into Memphis and captured General Washburn's uniform?" "I do not remember to have heard that incident. It must have been quite an episode. I remember it was. You see General Hurlburt, who had been in command at Memphis, had been succeeded by Washburn because he had not been able to capture Forrest. At that time we had only 6,000 men, and Forrest came in on Friday and said 'I will give you half of our force, and if you can keep Washburn busy I will get into Memphis.' I agreed, and 2,500 men were assigned to me, with which I managed to occupy General A. G. Smith until Forrest's army got into Memphis. Although he had to leave in short order, of course, not having men enough to hold the place. He went into Washburn's bedroom and captured his uniform, which he afterward sent to him under a flag of truce. Washburn acknowledged the compliment by sending him in return a piece of grey cloth for Confederate use. Such were some of the little picaresqueries of the war. Forrest was very kind, and up to any rash undertaking. General Hurlburt is said to have complained that he had been removed for not capturing Forrest, while Washburn had not been able to even keep him out of his bed."

"What did you think of Forrest?" "Forrest's men were always ready to follow him because they were inspired by his dash and bravery. He was absolutely fearless. He was a fatalist, and, like the Marauder, believed that he could not die unless he wished it. He was very kind, and very gentle and soft in his manner, especially when in the presence of ladies; but when in battle and when enraged, I have seen him wear the face of a fiend. He was a handsome man, with a weight of about 200 pounds, with not a superfluous ounce upon him. He was an ignorant, unlettered man, although he could talk very well, having associated with gentlemen. His great forte was in his military and political views, and he knew nothing of them. He could not drill his men, and that part was left to me."

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PURE WATER NEEDED.

A Subject of Particular Importance to Dwellers on the Allegheny.

ANTWERP HAS THE VERY BEST.

Its Supply Not Only Sufficient, but the Quality Also Excellent.

AN INVESTIGATION WITH ANALYSES

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.) ST. MORITZ, AUGUSTINE, SWITZERLAND, August 14.—The subject of a pure water supply, always important, is of a peculiar significance now to those who draw their supplies from the lower Allegheny river. Indeed, it is not putting it too strongly to affirm that Allegheny river water anywhere below the large towns and factories is not now or soon will not be fit for family use. It becomes us to look the matter squarely in the face, and to obtain a pure or comparatively pure water supply. We should be satisfied with nothing short of an assured supply of absolutely pure drinking water, which should continue thus in quantity and quality for an indefinite period.

As a member of the sub-committee on pollution of streams and water supply of our State Board of Health, I felt it my duty during an enforced absence this summer to make this the subject of careful inquiry, and particularly as I might be of some service to my native city (and Allegheny) in its present effort to secure wholesome drinking water.

Several kinds compared. With this end in view, I have undertaken a careful inquiry into the water system of several cities, and particularly in that one which has furnished such extraordinary results in Antwerp. The water which formerly had been supplied to this city was noted as thoroughly impure and unwholesome, and very unpalatable. The water from which it is taken is filled with all kinds of animal and vegetable filth, so that any process by which perfectly clean, pure water could be evolved, I concluded, must be possessed of more than ordinary merit.

This process I proposed to investigate, and in order to bring the results as quickly and generally to the attention of the people as possible, I have conceived the idea of preparing a series of reports, receiving a careful analysis of the subject for report to the State Board. My very able representative at Antwerp, the American Consul, Colonel Stuart, whom all Pittsburghers of the know make it very easy for me to know the chief engineer and manager of the Antwerp Water Department, Mr. E. Devonshire, who lost no time in giving me a complete insight into the modern machinery of the revolving purifier, the pure water probably of any city of large size in the world.

Easy and pleasant. An appointment was at once made to visit the water works, which are located at Miles line, some ten miles from Antwerp, in company with Mr. Devonshire and Prof. A. D. Eckman, Director of the Municipal Water works of this city. The task was not only an easy, but a pleasant one. I might mention parenthetically that I have had the pleasure of meeting also Mr. Samuel Tompkins, of the Pennsylvania Water Works, and Mr. J. H. McClelland, of the Pennsylvania Water Works, who had come on the same errand as myself, showing how the ends of the earth may come together on matters of mutual interest.

Purification by iron. Without attempting at this time a description of the apparatus and the details of the method, it may be said in general terms that it is simply the method of water purification by metallic iron, an idea by no means new in the history of water purification. The idea was first suggested by a practical man in a practical way. Chemists and other scientific men supplied the idea, but the practical application of the company put their wits to work, and, regarding the matter as a matter of machinery, and other details of the process to its present state of perfection. The essential feature of the process is that water is passed through a revolving cylinder, which contains a quantity of plates of metallic iron, so that the iron is thrown in contact with the water, instead of passing the water through the iron as was formerly done, a very important difference.

A royal highway. An important advance in the use of iron as a filter material was made by the invention of some 25 years ago by Prof. Binehof, but the very effectiveness of this material as a filtering agent (as of most other good filters), proved the greatest barrier to its use on a large scale (or even on a small one, for that matter), because the pores soon became filled and thus defeated the object of its use. The renewal of this substance sufficiently often was practically impossible, and so what promised to be a royal highway was closed.

Nothing taken for granted. But the authorities on this side of the water take nothing for granted, and so in Antwerp, as in most other cities where this process is in use, a thorough examination of the water is required weekly, and as I have been kindly furnished by Mr. Devonshire with copies of the official reports, I feel that they should appear herewith as confirmatory of what has been said.

First quarterly report, 1889. The undersigned, G. B. Blas, professor at the University of Louvain, A. Jorissen, professor at the University of Liege, Ch. Swartz, professor at the University of Brussels, and Dr. J. M. G. Van der Meulen, professor at the University of Ghent, have separately carried out a series of chemical analyses of water of the Antwerp water supply during the first quarter of the year 1889. The following results have been obtained: Chlorine, 0.05 gr. to 0.050 gr. to the liter. Nitric acid, 0.000 gr. to the liter. Nitrous acid, 0.000 gr. to the liter. Sulfuric acid, 0.000 gr. to the liter. Phosphoric acid, 0.000 gr. to the liter. Ammonia (direct process), none.

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The grain is generally raised many miles distant and then taken to some miller who is in the secret, when it is coarsely ground. It is then taken to the top of the nearest mountain on horse, and from there carried on the shoulders of men who know every tree and turn of the country. So well guarded are their movements and so well protected by the settlers generally, that the moonshiners have carried on their avocation for many years, notwithstanding the fact that the Government officials have made numberless raids with strong posses and the best attainable guides. Many of the guides and marshals have been ambushed and shot, and although the Government has made an occasional moonshiner, the most notorious members of that fraternity manage to evade arrest and punishment.

Among the typical mountain moonshiners is considered one of the most dangerous of a Government officer has to perform in this State, and it is only such men as Colonel Bob Saunders, Captain John Van Buren, James O'Hagan and a few others who are dared to undertake their capture. It was only a few days since that Captain O'Hagan, one of the most noted trappers and moonshine hunters in the service, was ambushed, shot and killed while going to a house near a house near Basin Springs, in Wyoming county. O'Hagan had left the barn and was walking in the direction of the house, a small log cabin, when he was fired upon from the woods by moonshiners. He succeeded in getting close to the door when several balls struck him, bringing him to the ground. Before he could rise he was literally shot to pieces.

Hard to convict them. The Government is now making a strong effort to capture his murderers and have them punished. The determination of capturing the moonshiners. But as usual, it will probably be almost impossible to convict them, as these men are noted for their allegiance to each other. They are always posted through their friends of the movements of Government officers, and it is seen that the marshals have located their stills or hiding places, they get together and carry off their entire outfit and secret it in the most hidden places in the mountain fastnesses.

There are some peculiar characters among the moonshiners. One of the most noted at one time was Captain Harris, called "Pink" Harris by his friends, because of his hair, which was tall, fine looking fellow of 45 or 50 years; sharp as steel and as courageous as a panther. It is believed that he originally came from Tennessee, and that the direct cause of his leaving the mountains of that State, was the killing of one deputy marshal and the wounding and capture of several of the posse. So that as it may, every deputy marshal of note in this part of the country has had long and unsuccessful trips after Harris.

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Having got his men in position, one of the officers knocked at the door with the butt of his pistol, and soon heard the inmates stirring. Presently the door opened and a tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed man of determined mien stood in the doorway. It was Harris. "You are my prisoner, Harris," said Saunders. "You may as well surrender quietly, for we have the house surrounded, and you can't escape."

They kicked up a row. Harris stood with his hands resting on the door jamb above his shoulders, quietly and coolly looking at the officers. "It looks like a little like a capture this time, don't it, Colonel?" But you know the old saying: "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft a-gley." Look behind you, Colonel, you see the best of us sometimes makes a mistake."

In close quarters. Colonel Bob looked over his shoulder, and there stood a dozen moonshiners with rifles leveled at the posse, and not 30 feet away. The gang had kept track of the marshals and had determined to show them that capturing a moonshiner was work worthy of the best of them, and too dangerous to be undertaken with impunity.

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There are some peculiar characters among the moonshiners. One of the most noted at one time was Captain Harris, called "Pink" Harris by his friends, because of his hair, which was tall, fine looking fellow of 45 or 50 years; sharp as steel and as courageous as a panther. It is believed that he originally came from Tennessee, and that the direct cause of his leaving the mountains of that State, was the killing of one deputy marshal and the wounding and capture of several of the posse. So that as it may, every deputy marshal of note in this part of the country has had long and unsuccessful trips after Harris.

Determined to get him. Several years ago Colonel Bob Saunders started out with the determination of capturing the moonshiners. He took with him four men of undoubted courage and shrewdness. They had followed clues given them by paid parties up into the mountains, and actually located their man in a log cabin at the edge of a deep forest at the foot of the mountain. They had traveled nearly all night, and when they got close to the house they laid in the woods and waited until daylight. As soon as the sunbeams began to appear above the mountains the men deployed his men in such a manner as to completely surround the cabin.

Having got his men in position, one of the officers knocked at the door with the butt of his pistol, and soon heard the inmates stirring. Presently the door opened and a tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed man of determined mien stood in the doorway. It was Harris. "You are my prisoner, Harris," said Saunders. "You may as well surrender quietly, for we have the house surrounded, and you can't escape."

They kicked up a row. Harris stood with his hands resting on the door jamb above his shoulders, quietly and coolly looking at the officers. "It looks like a little like a capture this time, don't it, Colonel?" But you know the old saying: "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft a-gley." Look behind you, Colonel, you see the best of us sometimes makes a mistake."

In close quarters. Colonel Bob looked over his shoulder, and there stood a dozen moonshiners with rifles leveled at the posse, and not 30 feet away. The gang had kept track of the marshals and had determined to show them that capturing a moonshiner was work worthy of the best of them, and too dangerous to be undertaken with impunity.

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ROLLINS D. HAYDEN. Catarrh is a disease that often will attack us as adults, and often at a very early age. It is the direct cause of most of the consumption of this age, and not infrequently the disease develops into consumption with children under 10 years of age. The four physicians associated with the Catarrh and Dyspepsia Institute have for years made a special study of catarrh and dyspepsia and diseases of the throat, and they will readily tell you. If they cannot tell you as frankly tell you that. The cures of patients who are cured by this Institute are a constant proof of their success in making cures. Remember the place, 225 Penn avenue. Consultation free to all. Office hours, 10 to 4 P. M. 225 P. M. Sundays 12 to 4 P. M.

TO HOUSEKEEPERS. Ladies! Why does BLOOKER'S DUTCH COCOA cost one dollar per lb? Because it is made only of the ripest and choicest Cocoa-beans, from which all the indigestible fatty substances have been carefully removed; it is unadulterated with Starch, Arrowroot, Vanilla, Sugar, etc., as other so-called Cocoas are. Blooker's Dutch Cocoa therefore at \$1.00 per lb, GOES FURTHER than TWO pounds of adulterated Cocoa. Try a pound tin at George K. Stevenson & Co., Sixth avenue, or any leading grocers, and note the nutritious qualities and delicious flavor of this unrivaled Dutch Cocoa made in Amsterdam, Holland. m35-50-95

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